Vpon his party for the gaine thereof,
And thereupon he ſends you this good news:
That this ſame very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queene, muſt dye at *Pomfret*.
Haſt. Indeed I am no mourner for this news,
Becauſe they haue beene ſtill mine enemies:
But that ile giue my voyce on *Richards* ſide,
To barre my maſters heires in true deſent,
God knows I will not doe it to the death.
Cat. God keepe your Lordſhip in that gracious mind.
Haſt. But I ſhall laugh at this a twelmonth hence
That they who brought me to my maſters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their tragedy:
I tell thee *Catesby*. *Cat.* What my Lord?
Haſt. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
Ile ſend ſome packing that yet thinkes not one it.
Cat. Tis a vile thing to dye my gracious Lord
When men are vnprepard, and looke not for it.
Haſt. O monſtrous, monſtrous, and ſo it fals out
With *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*, and ſo twill doe
With ſome men elſe, who thinke themſelues as ſafe
As thou, and I, who as thou knowſt are deare
To Princely *Richard*, and to *Buckingham*.
Cat. The Princes both make high account of you
For they account his head vpon the bridge.
Haſt. I know they do and I haue well deſerud it,

Enter Lord Stanley.

What my L. where is your Boare-ſpeare man?
Feare you the Bore, and goe you ſo vnprouided?
Stan. My L. good morrow: good morrow *Catesby*:
You may ieſt on, but by the holy Rood,
I doe not like theſe ſeuerall counſels.
Haſt. My L. I hold my life as deare as you doe yours,
And neuer in my life I doe proteſt,
Was it more precious to me then it is now,
Thinke you but that I know our ſtate ſecure,
I would be ſo triumphant as I am?
Stan. The lords at *Pomfret* when they rode from *London*,
Were iocund, and ſuppoſd their ſtates was ſure,

And